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SELECTED TALES.

FLIRTING WITH THE LADIES.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

"It will never do, Jedediah," said my uncle Obed Allen, to my youngest brother; "it will never do; this flirting with all the young girls, and trifling with their guileless affections."

My brother Jedediah was a handsome young fellow. He had a fine person, when his Sunday clothes were on—a clear and black eye, and red cheeks.

He wore a pair of whiskers at eighteen. During his vacations, our village girls were all in a tumult; all were anxious to have the honor of his attentions; and many an eye had closed with a tear under its lid after waiting a whole evening with the expectation of seeing Jedediah ride up to the horseblock. He saw then, sly glances at him, as he stood of a Sunday in their gallery at the church, and led their choir. He knew that they thought him handsome; and he was fool enough to be flattered by such things. His vanity grew at last to be his ruling passion; and he thought the party tedious where all the eyes in the room were not directed toward him.

He spent his vacations wholly with the girls: riding with one, walking with another, and "setting up" with another. He made declarations in a garland of flowers, and expressed his adoration to every bright eye in the village, with a boquet of the sweetest and freshest rosebuds he could gather. As long as their admiration had the charm of novelty, he was all devotion, but when that was gone, he flew away like a surfeited bee, to some fresher flower.

At the time Obed addressed him as I've stated, we were sitting at the breakfast table. Jedediah had just returned from a walk among the hills with Isabel Johnson one of the sweetest girls of our village.—As he came into the room, he snapped the dew out of his whiskers with high glee, and sung out at the top of his voice:

"I say, Absalom, that Bell Johnson is not to be sneezed at of a damp day. She's a real cauliflower. What a foot she's got! Did you ever see her dance, uncle Obed? You'd think her the shadow of a gossamer, she's so light. Ah, Absalom, my boy, such a tramp as we have had! Such flowers as we gathered! Faith, every time she trod her little hoofs upon the violets, there came such a cloud of perfume, you would have thought Madame Flora was lighting up every one of her incense burning altars. But, hark ye! We stopped awhile upon the brink of the lodge on old Chestnut Hill, and looked down upon the water as it tumbled over the mill dam.—Bell gazed at it as if she saw ten thousand little naiads dancing minuets upon the bubbles. While she was looking, I took her little paw, so—then I squeezed it gently, so—and whispered in her ear, so.—But, uncle Obed, mum's the word. Bell and I know who's who."

It was then uncle Obed spoke. "It won't do, Jedediah," said he, and his voice choked with emotion as he repeated, "It won't do, I say! All this may be 'strawberries and cream' to such a crazy pate as yours. It may be fine fun to win the heart of such an innocent thing as Bell Johnson, just to throw it away again, like a worthless orange, after you have squeezed all the juice out. But mark my words, Jedediah, I have seen more days than you, and observed somewhat of the ways by which Providence brings its ends about. Justice is sure of foot, Jedediah, though slow—mark that! And for every idle word and deed of yours, there will be a day of account here or elsewhere. It is true, I have seen some precious scoundrels in my day, die quietly in their beds, who deserved to die at the end of the halter. And the Preacher says, 'there is one event to all, both the righteous and the wicked.' But observe my pretty fellow: I never knew a graceless rogue who trifled with a woman's affections, who did not, ever after, find a bitter curse in his cup. Judgment follows hard upon such misdeeds. I believe there is a special woe denounced upon the wretch; and he might as well attempt to fly into the regions of infinite space as to try to escape it.

"Leave off this wicked way then, Jedediah, if you would prosper—if you would live to lie down without dreaming of fire and brimstone, or would die without hearing the wail of the broken-hearted one knelling in your ear. But let this motto be your guide, when you go among the sweet, innocent flowers, whom God has raised up here:

"*Never excite expectations you do not intend to gratify.*"

Here uncle Obed's voice grew husky.—He took a long and deep draught from his mug of cider, then rose from the table, and walked out of the room.

As he closed the door behind him, Jedediah drew a long breath, looked at me half mad and half ashamed, and then contemptuously whistled, w-h-e-w!

My foolish brother continued to flirt with Isabel, until her whole being became locked up in his. Her friends cautioned her in vain; she was blind even to the suggestion of her better judgment. At length, when he had completely triumphed over her gentle heart, he left her, for some other sweet flower, to blight as he had done this.

Isabel bore his coldness awhile with apparent indifference. But the lustre gradually left her eye, her cheek grew pale and thin, and her fine red lips took a death-like hue. She murmured not against him. Her friends observed that she mingled more with the pious, and less with the gay. It was evident, however, that the machinery of her existence was gradually running down; and every day was expected to bring some story of her sickness or death.

At length, she almost shunned society and spent her time, when the weather would permit, in wandering among the hills and forests.

One evening of a pleasant day in the summer, which she had spent from home, her parents observed that she did not return home at her usual hour. They became alarmed, and roused a party of their neighbors, and went in pursuit of her.—They travelled for a long while the forests and thickets in vain. They shouted her name through the deep glens, and blew their horns from the top of the hills. But echo alone replied.

At length, about midnight, one of the party on his return, discovered her on a high ledge of rocks, seated at the foot of an old beech, which hung far above the precipice. He called on her. She returned no answer. He thought she might possibly be asleep, and he clambered up the rocks where she sat. He called on her, and she answered not. Then he touched her shoulder, and gently shook her, and started back with horror. She was dead! cold and stiff—though, as she sat, she looked more like one enjoying quiet slumber. Her left arm rested on the trunk of the tree, and the fingers of her hand were laid on the letters of my brother's name, cut in the smooth bark. It seemed as if she had been trying to trace them out in the dark. Doubtless such was the fact, and her broken spirit had passed away, while busied in the strange but natural effort.

She was buried in the village churchyard the next morning without a parade. But the history of her life and death became one of the traditions of the place, and the stranger may hear it told by one of the villagers, should he chance to ask whose neat monument it is which stands in the corner of the yard with a strangely quaint device sculptured on it. Our schoolmaster had been a rejected lover of Isabel's, and he procured the artist who executed the monument, to engrave upon it an emblem of his devising. It consisted simply of her name, in beautiful capitals, under which there was a drooping lily, in full bloom, around whose stalk a small adder had coiled himself, his head thrust into the cup of the flower, as if he was sucking away the life-juice of the lovely plant.

This was her only epitaph. No one who knew the story could be at a loss as to the design.

My brother was absent when she died. When she returned and heard the story of her death, he showed some signs of emotion. For several days he kept aloof from society; you could read remorse in his eye, and at times there was a twitching of the muscles of his face, as if he felt the gnawings of "the worm that never dies."

But it soon wore off, and he became as gay as ever. He mingled with his usual brightness in the society of the village.—He smiled as sweetly as ever upon our belles—and alas! poor human nature returned them as sweetly as ever.

I must confess, that I thought sometimes of my uncle Obed's warnings, and looked for some dreadful fulfilment of the deceiver's curse. I felt a foreboding that judgment would come—it did come.

After he had graduated he studied law, and established himself in an adjoining county, in his profession. He had fine talents for the bar, and rose rapidly in the estimation of the public. Several years rolled away, and at the age of twenty-nine he found himself wealthy and of high reputation. He still remained, however, as reckless and wild in his intercourse with society, mingling in all its gayest circles.

In the winter of his twenty-ninth year, he caught a dreadful cold, while on a sleigh ride, which made great inroads on his health, and brought on symptoms of consumption. His physicians told him that he could not survive the rigors of another northern winter, and recommended a voyage to Cuba. I went with him as his nurse, and the following winter we spent in Havana. Here he rapidly regained his health, and as he spoke Spanish as fluently as a Castilian, he mingled a great deal with the Spaniards. His fine person and fascinating manners soon found him a passport to the favor of many a black-eyed donna. He seemed perfectly happy while basking in the sunshine of their smiles.—But, alas! poor fellow, slow-footed justice was about to overtake him.

On some great occasion, the Governor General gave a splendid ball at his palace. We were both invited. I was satisfied with looking on the gay scene, but he mingled in all its luxuries.

I observed that he waltzed several times with the beautiful wife of a young Spanish officer of high rank. The last time he handed her a seat, he plucked a moss rose-bud from a vase which stood near him, and then dropped it into her bosom. Here he stopped, and whispered something in her ear; and when she raised her head, I observed that a deep blush was passing over her face, and a smile of peculiar meaning curling her lip. He forgot that the eye of Spanish jealousy knew neither slumber nor sleep.

Two days afterwards, he was found by the city guard, about daylight, on the pavement in front of this Spaniard's house, a broken guitar lying beside him, and a Spanish dirk sticking in each side, both thrust quite through his heart!

* * * * *

I was at no loss whose hand directed the blow. But I thought of Bell Johnson and Obed's warning, and felt that the Spaniard was but an instrument raised up by One who has said, "Vengeance is mine!"

The sentence was just, and I did not murmur.

* * * * *

It is more than twenty years since these events occurred. But they are as if they happened but yesterday; and now, when I see a gifted young man flirting with the gentle feelings of a lovely girl, a sight too often seen in these degenerate days, I think of Jedediah, and am tempted to say to him in the words of my uncle Obed—"*Beware how you excite expectations you do not mean to gratify!*"

From Northampton Democrat.

The Yankee Pedlar.

BY PELEG SMOOTHE.

Here's your cookies, puffs, pumpkin pies, greased-lightning, and clam charter!—Where in creation is that landlord! Now blast sich botherin; here I've been waitin' this hour and a half for two-and-six-pence. Tew batches cookies all standin riz, and wantin tew be baked; tew dozen and three bonaparts, besides a lot of hearts, and other dicker for the gals that must be baked. I swow, this air bakin business is pretty much like courtin, you can't suit the women any how,—especially if you are bakin for the *big-bugs*. There's only one thing in my hull manufacture what suits the women; my *bread-loaf* is tew heavy,—*puffs* tew lite—*cookies* no use—and *sponge-cake*, they won't buy that air for fear of gittin sponged; there's only one thing that will suit 'em, and them's *hearts*.

Speakin of hearts, puts me in mind of the nite I courted Jerush Brown, about a year ago in this ear very room; darn if it don't make me tired to think of it. Wall, you see I met Jerush 'tother day, and says she Peleg is that you? Wall, says I, Jerush, I don't know, jist like's not 'tis, if 'taint me, who on airth can it be. Wall, says she, Peleg, won't you be after comin over to Jarvus Crocus' tew-morrow nite, they're goin tew have thanksgiving over there. Wall, says I, Jerush, I don't know ma-be I mite and ma-be I mite'nt. Wall, come tew think about it a minit, I told her I would, seein I'd never been to thanksgivin. Wall, the next mornin I got up, and I'spose I used jist about five taller candles, tryin to make my hair curl; but it wasn't any kind of use, 'twould stick rite out straight, jist like a porcupine's quill.—Wall, after a while, I got myself in pretty slick order, I got on my new boots, and new trowsers, and that air yaller vest of mine, now I tell you, that's leetle the yallerest thing you ever did see. Wall, then I brushed my hair, and put on that air bell crown hat of mine, and I tell you, by the hocus-pocus-quill-wheels-and-cow-cumbers, if I didn't look leetle the slickest, then I aint a Yankee, that's all. Wall, then I sot down, waiting for the time to come, as patiently as a feller waits for a bite when he goes troutin. Wall, bi-and-bi the time come, and off I streaked it across the lots, with my hands in my trowsers pockets, whistlin "Hail Columbia;"—I 'spose I felt jist about as big as "Napoleon Bonaparte" at the battle of "Waterlu." Wall, I got up there, and who should I see fannin along, but Jerush, with a beau on each arm. Wall, that air sot me all in a "*conflagration*" rite off, you know; so I jist hit her a nodge; wall, she didn't seem to mind that air much, so I hit her another, and she looked round, and says she, Peleg, won't you go in, and take a drap o' sumthin tew drink? Wall, says I Jerush, I don't know, ma-be I mite, and ma-be I miten't. Wall, she laf'd she did, and I said I would, and I did go in and take a drap. Wall, I got in there, and there was a hull corn basket full of gals, sittin round the fire place, tellin songs, and singing stories. Wall, as soon as they saw it was me they all tickled rite out a snorterin.—And there was *Patience Hubbell*, she's a pizen nice gal, now I tell you; why that girl stands six feet in her stockins, and stutters like thunder; and she's a leetle the smartest gal you ever did see—why that air gal will go up stairs twenty times a day, and never come down once, I see her do it more than a duzen times. Wall, that air darn critter up and asked me tew sing, she kno'd I couldn't sing more than a hog; I told her I didn't know only one tune, and that air was the "*trainin tune music*." Wall, says she, lets have it, so I couldn't back out of it no how, and had tew sing it; it went sumthin in this ear way:—

Near Springfield mountains there did dwell,
A lovely youth, I knew full well;
He scarcely lived till twenty-one,
Lieutenant Carter's only son.
Chorus—Tu-nic, tu-nic.

One Monday morning he did go,
Down in the medders for to mow;
He scarcely mowed half round the field,
Some pesky sarpent bit his heel.
Tu-nic, tu-nic.

His old father was sittin hard by,
Yes, sittin under an old oak trie,
Oh! father, father, don't you know,
Some pesky sarpent bites my toe.
Tu-nic, tu-nic.

They took him home and put him tew bed,
And rite strate away, he was all gone dead;
Cryin loudly as he went,
Oh! cruel, cruel sar-pi-ent.
Tu-nic, tu nic.

Wall, that air song tickled the gals so that they all bust rite out a laffin, and sum of them laf'd so hard, that they fainted rite away, and there was one gal got so furious that she run out of doors, and stuck her head through the *board fence*, and hollered "*fire;*" and another one fell over a bench and run a *knot hole* in her eye. Sich 'tarnal works, I tell you, was a caution tew all creation, and a part of these air United States in the bargain. Wall, pretty soon they got still agin, and I sot there a spell longer, and chewed terbacker, and spit all over the hairth, and it got tew be pretty late, and says I, Jerush, you'll sartinly see me a bit of the way hum, won't you? Wall, she laf'd, she did, and she said she would and she did;—she see me all the way down hum. Wall, says I, Jerush, I'm very much pleased with you tunite, I guess I'll drap in a little dust tumorrow nite, and see you. Wall, says she Peleg, jist as you're a mine tew. Wall, so the next nite I went up there, and there I was, eight and nine o'clock, and no Jerush! nine and ten o'clock, and no Jerush—ten and eleven o'clock, and no Jerush—eleven and twelve o'clock, and no Jerush! Wall, I thought it wouldn't pay tew wait any longer, so I got along home and went tew bed. The next mornin I heerd that Jerush was very sick, so I went up and see her, and says she Peleg, if I should die wouldn't you go tew my beryin? Wall, says I, Jerush, I don't know, ma-be I mite, and ma-be I miten't. She laf'd agin, she did, and I said I would, and I did, for she died that very nite;—and I never go tew the berryin gronnd, without droppin tears as big as pertaters.

Wall, now I gess as how I shan't wait here much longer for that air landlord.—Now see here, mister bulley, don't you want tew buy snmthin in my line tu day? I've got a new machine for picking bones out of fishes. Now I tell you its leetle the darndest thing you ever did see. Science you know is great, and the world is great, and the Atlantic ocean is great, and the whale is great, but science is greater than all of them, it's bigger than a meetin hous, it takes in all things, it explains parables that will tell you where to find the gizzard in a codfish, it makes wonderful diskiveries; *Kalumbus* made out tew diskiver "*Cape Cod*," and by the aid of his second cousin "*Epluribus Unnum*," made out tew diskiver "Amerika." Wall now, that air was sumthin wonderful, but I tell you, this ear machine for pickin bones out of fishes, beats anything there is a going.—All you have tew do, is to set it on a table, and put your fish in it, and turn a crank, and the fish flies rite down your throat, and the bones rite down the other way.—Wall, there was a country "*green horn*" got hold of it 'tother day, and he got to turning the crank the rong way, and I tell you, the way the bones flew down that air feller's throat, couldn't be beat, why, it stuck the feller so full of bones, that he couldn't get his shirt off for a hull week.

CHAPTER II.

The Yankee Pedlar Kum Agin.

As thair was goin tew be Forth of July down in the south-east korner of this air State the other day, I thot as how I wude jist go down thare with my lode of notions tew see if I couldn't make a spec; so I harnessed my hoss tew the wagon, and started tew or three days aforehand, so as to be thair airly in the mornin. Wall, I arrived thair the nite afore, jist about dark, and I tell you of all the sites that beet awl; why I never seed sich a site in awl the born days of my life; it beets all of my fust wife's relations awl tew smash. Sich a tarnal rorein of kanon's and popin of firekraker's, I never heer'd no whair; and then them air tar-barrels, and fire bawls, and 'bloons, lit up that air city so that you kouldn't hardly see how tew git along.—Wall, you no, sich a tarnal noise as that air skeered my hoss so, that he set out on a full jump, and the way I did leg it thru that air street, was a kaution tu all konsarned; I kouldn't stop him no more than you kood stop the rale-rode from goin. Wall, bi'm-bi one of them air fire bawl's hit me in the hed, and spilt me oyerbord, and the hos run kerslap rite into one them air heeps of tar barrels, and upsot the wagon, and spilt awl the goods intew the streat, and as he never was in a city before, he run slap dab rite intew a milliner shop, and maid himself pretty familiar amongst the fine goods for a short time, now I tell you. Wall, bi'm-bi I cached the horse agin, and loded my goods intew my wagon, and drove tew the tavern, and got my hos put intew the wagon and drove to the tavern, and gut my hos put intew the stable, and went tew bed.

Wall, the next day was the Glorous Forth of Jewly, so I got up very airly, and got my wagon in frunt of the Corte House, whair I cood have a good chance tew sell my goods; and as soon as the peeple began tew march round the streats, I began—kum gentlemen, roal up, tumble up, hop up, kreep up, krawl up, paw up, dig up, skrach up, run up, wark up, any way at awl tew git up; now is your time to maik an everlastin fortin, fire away, kraker up, keep er a goin; don't keep me a puffin away hear awl day like a wild buffalo in a hurrikain! Here's you fine cloth wove in a whirlwind and beet up with thunder, what shall I haiv for it, maik up your minds tew give me a bid, while I show you some ingin rubber gallices, of a kompound, double extract, super-refined double quality, long enuf for any man, and short enuf for any boy, once round the belly, what dew I hear, for 'em air, fire away gentlemen, here's your wooden nutmegs, lether spektacles, tin jewsharps, puter thimbles, pins, needles, tuth pics, hair pins, komes, tuth brushes, blacing brushes, cegars, maches, sope, kandles and other dicers tew numerus tew menshun. Now I tell you them air goods went orf with a ded rush; I sold all out afore dinner.

Wall, seein' that I had nothin' else tew dew in the afternoon, I thot that I would walk round a leetle, and look at the Forth of Jewly; but whair tew go fust I didn't no, for it was an awlfired tarnal grait place, and in the southwest unlimited. So I took the fust streat that kum handy, and after I had walked round about an hour or so. I thot I would turn round and go back, as thair was'nt much tew be seen up that air way. So I turned round tew go back, and after I had walked along a leetle way, I kum tew a store whair they had eatables, and drinkable's tew sell, and as I was pretty hungry, I thot as how I would jist step in and taik a few, as I hadn't had any thing tew eat since mornin. Wall, after I had eat kupple of turky's, and tew or three chicken's, and six or eight pies, and a galon of oysters, I kalled for somethin tew drink; wall, bi'm-bi he brot me a bottle of red stuf, that looked somethin' like water sweatened with 'lasses, and as I was pretty dri, I drunk it awl up. Wall, when I kum tew go, I asked him how much the damages would be, and he told me that he guessed he should'nt charge me more than three dollars. Wall, I thot that air was rather high, but I didn't say nobody tew nothin', and took out my pocket book and paid him. When I got out on the side-walk, the hull town began tew turn round, and I flew round like a parched pea in a grid-iron; and when I tried tew walk, the side-walk would fly up and hit me in the face. Wall, so I maid out tew git along a leetle further, and somebody threw a house kerwhump rite agin me, and a winder went tew smash like a bach of bonyparts in a thunder shower; wall, that air cost me about three dollars more. Bi'm-bi the town stopped whirlin' round, and I thot that I would be goin' tew the tavern, and git ready tew go hum, but I kould'nt find no hed nor tail tew the place, no how; so I asked a woman that was standin' in the dore, if she could tell me whair tew find the tavern. Wall, says she, mister, I guess I kan, if I don't miss of it; so she began tew pint down streat, and says she,—you see that air big brick house down yonder,—wall, that aint it; wall, then you see that air white house rite round the korner thair, on the left hand side of the rode, don't you,—wall, that air aint it neether; but you keep rite on this ear streat, till you kum tew a streat that turns off tew the rite hand, then keep that air streat, till you kum tew another one whair thair's a lot of pine treas, and then keep on till you kum tew a leetle lain, then turn up that, and it will leed you rite tew the spot.

Wall, that air raised my dander a leetle, and I told her tew go tew pot with her directions, you aint so good as our old hog tew guide a feller; how infarnal sharp you shute, perhaps you think that you are goin' tew kum it on me like that air, but I tell you I aint a fool if I don't know nothin'; if I had a wife like you, I would hich her afore my wagon, and drive her for a hos, till I kould swap her off for a yaller dog, and then I would kill the dog.

Respect to Parents.

"Ingratitude! thou marble headed fiend,
More hideous when apparent in a child
Than the sea-monster."

Not only the young are apt to forget the respect due to parents, but often-times we see children of older growth, forgetting those wha have reared them from infancy, and by their waywardness causing their parents to shed tears, when it should be their duty to give them reason for smiles. There is no sight which is so revolting to an upright man, as to see youth disrespecting grey hairs; but when we find a man arrived at the age of discretion, neglecting his silver-haired parents, and treating them with contempt, no word is forcible enough to express the feeling which naturally arises in every honest breast. The very idea that a babe, whose care had caused them so many sleepless nights, and so much anxious care, should in latter years prove a curse instead of a blessing—and repay its parents for all ther love, by unthankfulness, makes one almost wish the parent's malediction might be upon him. Yet how often do we see cases in which the child forgets the respect due to his mother, and is regardless of his father's wish! Children, learn in early age to respect your parents, and obey them in all things—struggle not against their authority, but by yielding while young, you will derive honor when older; and never forget that commandment which says,—"Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land that the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Buying a Hat.

"Misther have you a palm leaf hat?"

"Yes sir."

"I wud be after purchasing one, and what will you ax?"

"Nine shillings."

"Nine shillings! but bates the divil intirely—I could buy that same for four and six pence a while since."

"O, well, wait a bit till summer is over, and you may have it for that price."

"Thrue for ye, but what will cover the head of me the while? O, by the powers, I will fix it—so that nayther of us will be cheated—I'll take the hat now, and pay when the price is down.—*Lowell Courier.*

The Queen of Spain and her sister are both married.

PALMER SENTINEL.

Palmer Depot, Oct. 8, 1846.

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Wood! Wood!!

Wood in *any quantity* taken in exchange for the Sentinel, if brought *soon*.

MEXICAN WAR.—Recent advices from Washington and the provinces of Mexico, leave us no ground of hope for a speedy termination of our difficulties with that country. We should rejoice to see an end of the war, but we should only rejoice at its termination from the succession of that profound peace, which we might reasonably expect at such an event; we should not rejoice unless with its termination we could be assured that we were free from the harrassing depredations upon our citizens and our property to which we have long been subject from that country.—We are at war with Mexico—a war brought on not solely by the annexation of Texas, for that is only a pretence which the enemies of the war in this country, and our enemies in that put forward to blind the public from an investigation of the real cause. For years before Texas was annexed—the intercourse of Mexico and our government was virtually at an end—to be sure they received our Ministers and plenipotentiaries, and entered into treaties, and made promises,—but for a series of years while treaties stipulated for the safety of our citizens and our property, the most outra geous aggressions were committed upon both, by Mexican citizens without the interposition of the Mexican Government to punish the offender, or sustain the treaties which they have stipulated to enforce, and if our Government had not been of long forbearance, forgiving when forgiveness was a crime, we should long since have taught Mexican treachery a severe lesson of inexorable justice. The subject of the proffered mediation of Great Britain, which has excited some attention, has been disposed of by the refusal of our Government to listen to its overtures,—a result which would not have occurred could our Government suppose it would have been attended with results calculated to advance the cause of humanity, or secure a lasting peace with Mexico. But as there could be no prospect of this our Government has rejected the proposal for mediation, and has determined to mediate with the sword. This we deem the only true proper course, for a Government like ours in such an emergency.—Mexico is vaccillating and treacherous, deficient in attributes to give credence and faith to her treaties. Our Government is magnanimous, stable and powerful, willing to forbear, and to forgive—ready also to accept of peace when offered in faith, holding the power to command and conquer peace when the olive branch is trodden under foot by her foe. We say as we began, we hope for an immediate termination of the war but only with peace—a lasting permanent peace.

DRY WEATHER.—It seems as if everything was drying up. The river is lower at the present time than it has been known to be for forty years. It is equally as dry in New Hampshire. We were informed by a friend from Peterborough, N. H., that it is so dry there, they have to soak their hogs to make them hold swill!

We have received a number of the Saturday Rambler, but as it was taken from our table before we had time to peruse the contents, we cannot speak of its worth.—If the publishers will take the trouble to send us another copy we will endeavor to keep it under lock and key until we have time to examine it.

☞ To Mr Parker we are indebted for Daily Papers, containing War News, &c., &c.

Rev. Mr Lamb, according to announcement, is now delivering a very interesting course of Lectures, in this village, upon Texas and Louisiana. Mr Lamb's plan is to give a rapid sketch of the general face of the country, the productions, Slavery, and the manners and customs of the people. His first Lecture was taken up with giving a general view of what he had seen in the far South, the best route to take, in order to reach that section of the country, and a general view of the Red River country. His second Lecture was taken up with a description of the principal animals, insects, and reptiles, which inhabit that country. His third lecture on Tuesday evening last, was occupied mainly in a description of the principal flowers, trees and other productions of that region.

These Lectures are well worth listening to. The Lecturer has a very easy and pleasing mode of delivery, and his subject matter cannot be found in any books, being derived mainly from observation and a long residence at Fort Jesup, near the Red River, where Mr Lamb was Chaplain for a considerable time.

Mr Lamb has, also, at the request of several individuals in this village, consented to perform divine services at the School House, on every Sunday, while he remains in the place. The object is to give those, who are unable to go to the midble of the town, an opportunity to attend public worship, without intending to interfere, in any manner, with the arrangements of those, who have been in the habit of attending public worship at other places.—We think Mr Lamb entitled to the thanks of the community, as by these meetings a large portion of the people here are thereby enabled to attend divine services, who would otherwise be destitute, to a great extent of such advantages.

LADY'S ALBUM.—We have received a number of this beautiful and well arranged Magazine, for Ladies and Gentlemen, which well deserves praise and patronage from the literary portion of the world.—Issued monthly by Cochran, Cole & Co. No. 66, Cornhill, Boston, and edited by L. H. M. Cochran. Terms, $1.00 in advance.

IRON SHINGLES.—William Beach, of Troy, N. Y., has invented and patented a mode of using cast iron plates for covering roofs. They are about one foot square, and are made to fit into one another, so as to render the roof water tight by applying white lead to the joints. It can be afforded at 16 cents the square foot, and comes at about half the cost of copper. They weigh 3 1-2 pounds a square foot. Slate costs 8 cents per square foot.

The Rail Road Company commenced yesterday the building of the road lately laid out by the County Commissioners, across the Rail Road, near our office.—We understand the bridge has been let out under contract, and it will be but a short time before we shall have a more commodious road from one part of the village to the other.

The Court of Common Pleas for this county, for the trial of civil business, will commence its October Term, at Springfield, next Monday. It will probably be in session three weeks.

The mercury arose in the thermometer, at noon, on Tuesday last, to 76 degrees.

No answer has been received to the last Enigma. The answer to the puzzle is 99 and 9-9. Correctly answered by L. H. P., Boston; D. A. F., Monson. The answer to the Arithmetical Question of week before last is 16 square miles. Answered by D. S., Palmer Depot.

OLD HICKORY.—During the Seminole war, the captain of a Georgia company of volunteers, who was six feet and a half tall, but rather uncouth proportions, was dubbed "*Old Splatterfoot*" by his waggish soldiers. This was thought by the brave captain to be not only quite uncivil, but decidedly unmilitary, if not a direct cut at his dignity, therefore he repaired to head quarters and made his complaint to the commanding General.

Gen. Jackson heard the captain's complaint very graciously, and after a moment's silence he exclaimed, "call you what?" "Why, sir, old splatterfoot."—"Oh! the d—l they do! Well, I suppose you know what they call me? "Yes, Old Hickory." Well, captain, you may return to quarters, and if you like that name better, you can tell the boys to call you "Old Hickory" and me "old splatterfoot." The Georgia captain slid.

Who does not love the common yet beautiful name of Mary? It is from the Hebrew and means a "tear drop." What sweet and joyous hours of other days—what pleasing associations does not the name call up in every heart? Who knows aught ill of Mary? Who does not love the name! If there is any thing gentle, and valued, and womanly, what Mary that possesses it not? Was it not Mary who was "last at the Cross and earliest at the grave?" And was not Mary the mother of the Savior of the world.—*Ex. Paper.*

Quite a rush to the Agricultural Fair, which is in session at Springfield.

LIFE IN CHINA.—A letter writer from Canton in the New York Herald, gives some piquant pictures of life about that city. He says:—"I went to the market to observe Chinese life there, and saw for sale cats, dogs, rats, crows, mice, stewed lizards and snakes, besides fine fruit and respectable beef. I priced a cat, and found it to be about fourteen cents. There was a spirited competition for the skin of a pig's head, and it sold for an advance of one cent cash over the previous day's quotations, the sum total being paid being four cents—deducting the ears."

In another place he remarks:—

"It was singular to observe men forty years of age, coming out of their shops gravely, with an immense bunch of crackers on a pole, and setting them off with great deliberation. I several times asked 'why and wherefore,' they said it was 'Chin-Chin Josh,' meaning an offering to their wooden god."

"The feet of the women here are a great deal smaller than I had at any one time conceived; some of the smallest I saw, could not have been more than two and a half inches in length, and were not the clumsy and ungaily looking things I had imagined, but one could observe they found much difficulty in walking. I was always under the impression that the foot was in some manner forced up into the ancle, but such is not the case; their ancles are as firm and as well shaped as any I had ever seen."

RAILROAD MEETING.—The Railroad at Amherst, on the 28th ult., was large and spirited. The Express says, "the friends of the road present, appeared to be conscious of having complied with the first part of Davy Crocket's motto, to 'be sure you're right,' and were now ready and determined to adopt the second and 'go ahead.' The Hampshire and Franklin, and Mt. Holyoke Companies will probably be united and the road definitely located during the present fall."

READING NEWSPAPERS.—A western paper says that young ladies who are accustoued to reading newspapers, are always observed to possess winning manners, most amiable dispositions, and invariably make good wives; while on the other hand, those who read nothing, or what is far worse, novels, are generally unfit for either society, or domestic cares, and their company is but little sought by either sex, farther than the rules of common civility actually require.

ECONOMIZING.—An Irishman once enquired of the toll-gatherer of one of the London bridges, how much a man was allowed to carry over, and was told in reply to carry as much and whatever he chose; whereupon a company of Irishmen immediately appeared, each with a companion, or his wife and children on his back, and paying a single toll marched over, much to the chagrin of the collector, whose exposition of the law had proved so unprofitable.

A dentist writes the following story to the Lowell Courier:

"A fellow came to me the other day, wanting to have some cavities in his teeth filled up. I examined his teeth carefully, and told him that I did not see any cavities; but I must needs look again, for he was confidant that there were several.—But I again told him that I could find none, and he went away. A week or two after I met with him and asked him about those teeth. "Oh!" said he, "what's-his-name over here filled them for me—he found four holes—pretty large ones, too.—I knew they were there." "Ah," said I, "I looked very carefully and did not see any." "Well," said he, "*he* didn't find 'em *till after he had drilled a spell!*"

DON'T BE TOO PARTICULAR.—An Irishman once dreampt that he visited the Lord Mayor of London, who treated him with the greatest hospitality, and asked him if he wouldn't "*take* a little suthin." He replied that he wouldn't mind a little whiskey punch. "Hot or cold?" enquired his lordship. His guest preferred it warm, but while the Lord Mayor was out heating the water, the Irishman awoke from his delicious slumber. "Och!" cried he, comprehending what a fool he was to wait for hot punch during the precarious tenure of a dream, "How I wish I'd said cold!"

FUR COMPANY ROBBED.—The Independence (Mo) Expositor of the 12th, says that the company of Messrs. Leonard, of that county, and Shaw of St. Louis, are near at hand, after a long and tedious trip. The Pawnee Indians, seeing their weakness, stole 150 packs of robes from them.—The company contrived to retain possession of one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and thirty packs which were expected to reach Independence in a few days.

GAMBLING CASE.—A young man who gave his name as Sherwood yesterday appeared at the Police Office and complained that he had lost $800, at a gambling house kept at No. 6 Park Place by Isadore Joseph and some other person. A formal complaint was entered against the house, the result of which will appear hereafter.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

USE OF A NOSE.—A good story is told of Mozart at the time he was a pupil of Haydn. The latter challenged his pupil to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the banter, and a supper and champagne were to be the forfeit. Every thing being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen and a sheet of paper, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and much to the surprise of Haydn handed it to him, saying:

"There is a piece of music, sir, which you cannot play and I can—you are to give it the first trial."

Haydn smiled contemptuously at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and placing the notes before him struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity he dashed away until he reached the middle of the piece, when stopping all at once he exclaimed:

"How's this, Mozart? How's this?—Here my hands are stretched out to both ends of the piano, and yet there's a middle key to be touched? Nobody can play such music—not even the composer himself."

Mozart smiled at the half excited indignation and perplexity of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted struck the instrument with an air of self-assurance that Haydn began to think himself duped. Running along through the simple passages, he came to that part which his teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart, as any body is aware, was favored, or at least endowed, with an extremely long nose—a prodigious nose, which, in modern dialect, "stuck out about a feet." Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched both hands to the extreme ends of the piano and leaning forward bobbed his nose against the middle key which "nobody could play!"

Haydn burst into an immediate fit of laughter; and after acknowledging the "corn," declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music which he had never before discovered!

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS. — The Washington Union derives the report that Com. Conner refused the offer of the Mexicans to exchange Capt. Carpender of the Truxton, and his officers and men, for Gen. Vega and his three companions. The Union states that Com. Conner submitted the proposition to the Government at Washington; and that the Government, so far from refusing it, has sent such instructions as will lead to the exchange. To refuse such an offer would be either valuing Gen. Vega very highly, ly, or placing a low estimate on Captain Carpender and his fifty men, more or less. —*Traveller.*

WE FIXED THAT CHAP.—A few days a *gentleman* (!) came into our sanctum and took off his hat, and picked up a piece of manuscript and commenced reading closely. We reached over and took a letter out of his hat, unfolded and commenced reading it. He was so busy that he did not discover how we were paying him in his own coin, until we asked him what was it his correspondent was writing about a woman? "Why, look here, squire," says he, "you surely are not reading my private letters?" "Certainly, sir," said we, "you are reading our private manuscript." He was plagued—begged us not to mention his name, promised not to do so no more, and we quit even.—*Ex. Paper.*

We have a few "of the same sort," that think there is no harm in ransacking our copy drawer every time they enter our office. They seem to be utterly regardless of the 11th commandment, that "thou shouldst not look over the shoulder of a compositor, or inquire the news, as it is his duty to give it thee in due season." There may be no harm in it, but it makes one feel sort o' wolfish.

A CURIOUS SHAWL.—A scarf has been submitted to the editor of the London Simes. Four colors are so constructed as to fold into twenty different effects; either color can be worn alone, and two together, three, or all four, according to the caprices of the wearer. Mr Robert Kerr of Paisely, is the enterprising manufacturer who has accomplished the weaving in one piece of this extraordinary shawl, which is announced to be a scientific production of far greater merit than any thing which has appeared in the French exposition of manufactures.

A JOKER.—A well known physician in a certain town is very much annoyed by an old lady who is always sure to accost him in the street, for the purpose of telling over her ailment. Once she met him in Broadway, and he was in a very great hurry. "Ah! I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor, "shut your eyes and show me your tongue." She obeyed, and the doctor, quietly moving off, left her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.—*N. Y. Eagle.*

The Governor of North Carolina has set apart the 5th day of November as a day of Humiliation, Thanksgiving and prayer.

To pass a toll gate in Kentucky free, put on a white cravat, and call yourself a minister of the gospel.

SUCCESS.—The most important element of success is economy—economy of money and economy of time. By economy we do not mean penuriousness but merely such wholesome thrift as will disincline us to spend our time or money without an adequate return either in gain or enjoyment. An economical application of time brings leisure and method, and enables us to drive our business, instead of our business driving us. There is nothing attended with results so disastrous as such a miscalculation of our time and means as will involve us in perpetual hurry and difficulty. The brightest talents must be ineffective under such a pressure, and a life of expedients has no end but penury. Worldly success however, though universally coveted, can be only desirable in so far, as it contributes to happiness, and it will contribute to happiness very little, unless there be cultivated a lively benevolence to every animated being. Happiness, it has been finely observed, is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us. To this sentiment we subscribe, and we should wish to see it written on the tablet of every heart, and producing its fruits of charity. The man, whatever be his fame, or fortune, or intelligence, who can treat lightly another's wo—who is not bound to his fellowmen by the magic tie of sympathy, deserves, aye, and will obtain, the contempt of human kind. Upon him all the gifts of fortune are thrown away.—Happiness he has none. His life is a dream, a mere lethargy, without a throb of human emotion; and he will descend to the grave "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." Such a fate is not to be envied; and let those who are intent upon success, remember that success is nothing without happiness.

STATE MANUAL LABOR SCHOOL.—At the last session of the Legislature, a resolve was passed by which the Governor was empowered to appoint a Board of three Commissioners, to select and procure an eligible site for a Manual Labor School, for the employment, instruction and reformation of juvenile offenders.—They were also to procure plans and estimates for the necessary buildings; prepare a system of laws for the government of the institution; ascertain what laws would be necessary to put it in successful operation, and report the result to the Governor before the next session.

The Commissioners appointed under this resolve, were Robt. Rantoul, of Beverly, Alfred D. Foster, of Worcester, and Samuel H. Walley, Jr. of Roxbury. After extensive inquiries, they have fixed upon the farm of Lovell Peters, in the north part of Westborough, about two miles from the village, and near the Northborough line. It contains nearly 200 acres of excellent land, abounds in fruit, and is situated on the north side of Chauncey Pond, a beautiful sheet of water which it overlooks. The situation is one of the most delightful any where to be found, and easy of access. It was purchased, as we understand, for $9000.—*Traveller.*

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.—As the old New England festival of Thanksgiving has now come to be celebrated in most States of the Union, it has been suggested that it would be well to have it celebrated upon the same day in all the States. This can be done by the various Governors accepting the first day that shall be in any State. Massachusetts has, this year, named the 26th of November, and we hope that day will be adopted by all the States. Evacuation Day has been named as a proper time for the festival, but that is not kind of event that the day was intended to commemorate. It was the gathering in of the crops that made this a proper season to return thanks to a kind Providence for the blessings of a well filled garner, and not the celebration of the departure of a military foe. Who that has participated in the interchange of kind greetings this day never fails to bring forth, will not unite to make the celebration universal; for, with all New Englanders, the festival is a pleasant landmark, and the influences of the day are of a kind that are most dearly cherished in their hearts. Thanksgiving Day ever makes the absent one wish to rejoin the pleasant party under the old family roof, where the pleasure is never checked by any cause other than the absence of those, who in years gone by, had gathered there. Let us by all means have the day simultaneously kept in the States where it is observed at all.—*Exchange.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—The following scene occurred at the Boston Police Court one day last week:

Patrick Welch, an Irish boy, about 18, would get drunk and worry the heart of his poor mother, and she at length complained of him and had him brought before the Police Court. The complaint was read, the young fellow pleaded guilty, and with tears in his eyes the young scape-grace was about to go to jail. He was being taken out, when the mother—a very decent body cried out—"*Come back, Patrick, I'll pay the fine for you—and that I will surely.*"

He came back, and she gladly paid the fine amidst the wonderment and laughter of all present. If he gets tipsy again, he deserves the worst punishment of the Court, and the contempt of the world.

Important from the Seat of War.

Appearance of the Mexican Army between Monterey and Seralvo—Another Great Battle daily expected between 8000 Mexicans, and 7000 Americans, &c., &c.

MATAMORAS, Sept. 14, '46.

The last arrival from Camargo brought information that Callough's Rangers had met a part of the enemy's cavalry on the road to Monterey. The Rangers were about forty miles beyond Seralvo, when they saw a considerable number of horsemen, armed and mounted, supposed at first to be Canales' rancheros. The Mexicans retreated, and were vigorously pursued, until they came up with a larger body, consisting of near a thousand men. The Rangers then retreated in turn, and brought the news to our General.

It was thought that this Mexican force was the advance of their army, and that they intended to give us battle between Seralvo and Monterey, several leagues from the latter; of course we have reason to expect this, if they intend to defend their city. It was even supposed that the enemy might be advancing to fight Gen. Worth at Seralvo, before Gen. Taylor and the rest of the army should come up. This they could not do, however, as General Taylor must have arrived at Seralvo before that place could have been reached by any part of the enemy's force. The brigade of Gen. Quitman was the last on the ground at Seralvo. It is believed that he reached it about Friday last, the 11th. And I think we may safely calculate that the army moves this morning for Monterey. The distances sent you, taken from Arista's map, are not calculated for this route, which is somewhat farther than by China. If a battle is to be fought, it will be in less than a week from to-day, and we shall now look hourly for the most important intelligence.

The enemy may attempt to interrupt the American General's communications; this would be as effective as a direct attack. Contemplating such a possibility, the commands at the principal depots, from the Brazos to Camargo, are awake. In this city, we have a strong guard in the Plaza, a command of artillery in Fort Parades, and Col. Curtis' regiment of Ohio volunteers encamped near by. Other regiments are only a few miles below, and we are ready for any emergency. Indeed, I think there is a disposition to receive an attack. These Mexicans are cursed with such short memories that they will need a new lesson every month or two, during the existence of the war.

Any reverse, or even check, of Gen. Taylor, would so embolden the inhabitants of this frontier, that series of attacks upon our different positions might be expected. The steamers are still busily employed in throwing supplies to Camargo, and, that they may be forwarded, a large force will be required to keep open the road thence to Monterey.

At the last accounts, Hay's mounted Texan regiment was at China, having recently explored the country in the neighborhood. He had been ordered to join the army, and will advance with it.

It cannot escape observation, that Gen. T. is now marching at the head of a force far larger, but widely different in character, from that which was fought at Palo Alto. There all were regulars. He knew every officer, and had the utmost confidence in every man. Now, he has a mixed force. Though he does not distrust the courage of his countrymen, he has, in his long career as a soldier, had numerous occasions to know the effect of discipline, this cannot be overrated. The Mexicans know well, that the former battles were fought by regulators alone, on our side, and I am told that they count much upon what they conceive to be the comparative inefficiency of the volunteers. But if our greatest superiority of race is not as clearly demonstrated in any coming, as it has been in any past conflicts, I misjudge the character of our troops of both descriptions, and am wholly mistaken in the spirit that animates the entire force which now composes Gen. Taylor's army. We hear they are in the best and highest spirits, and confidently expect to meet the enemy.—*N. Y. Paper.*

GEN. TAYLOR AND THE GAMBLERS.—A correspondent gives an account of an *interview* between Gen. Taylor and a fellow well known to the army, who attempted to establish a drinking and gambling establishment at Camargo. The chap's goods had been reshipped by order of the Commandant of the town, and he was ordered off. He became insolent and abusive in consequence, and went so far that Capt. Miles ordered him to be arrested and put in the guard house, until the boat was ready. On his being released, he went up to Gen. Taylor's tent and made a long and bitter complaint to old Rough and Ready. The General sat and listened to him in silence. When he had closed the Gen. rose very coolly, and asked him if he had got through. "Yes, sir, I believe I have." "Well, then," exclaimed the General, applying his right toe to a prominent part of the fellow's body in a very *emphatic* manner, "be off from here, or I'll kick you clear into the United States."

"Nephew, you are alw ays building castles in the air." "Well, uncle would you have me build castles in the house?"

LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

A man arrested a few days since in New Orleans for flogging his wife, asked a friend to enter bail for him. The friend addressed the bench in this strain:—"I'll go his bail right off, if you'll bind over his wife; but as long as she has a chance to talk, an angel couldn't keep the peace, in the same house with her."

Coquetry is the vice of a small mind—of a mind whose frivolous vanity obscures its vision to every thing open, honest, and honorable.

The Brazil Journals announce that a negro lately found in the diamond district of Babia a rough diamond weighing nearly an ounce. Its approximate value is £45,000 but it was sold by the finder for £35.

Whenever you see a small waist think how much health there is *wasted*.

Why is opening a letter like a very strange way of getting into a room? Because it is breaking through a *sealing*.

Nothing is more easy than to do mischief, nothing more difficult than to suffer without complaining.

Unjust resentment is always the fiercest.

Men often go from love to ambition, but seldom return from ambition to love.

The injuries we do and those we suffer, are seldom weighed in the same balance.

None are more loath to take a jest, than those who are the most forward to bestow it.

There are 3,884 lodges of Odd Fellows in England, numbering 259,374 members.

It is said that water in which potatoes have been boiled, sprinkled upon plants of any kind, is sure death to all insects, in every stage of their existence.

The printed books belonging to the British Museum, are said to occupy ten miles of shelf.

"Mother," said a little fellow the other day, "is there any harm in breaking shells?" "Certainly not, my dear, why do you ask?" "Cause I dropt the basket just now, and see what a mess I'm in with the nasty yolks."

In a storm at sea, the chaplain asked one of the crew if he thought there was any danger. "Oh yes," replied the sailor, "if it blows as hard as it does now, we shall all be in heaven before twelve o'clock to-morrow." The chaplain terrified at the expression, cried out, "shall we?—the Lord forbid!"

The ladies about here say that the tailors are the most remarkable of all men for *pressing a suit*.

If ever I reach heaven, said Dr. Watts, I expect to find three wonders there. 1st.—The presence of some I had not thought to see there. 2d.—The absence of some I had expected to meet there. 3d.—The greatest wonder of all will be to find myself there."

The St. Charles Hotel at New Orleans, is said to have five hundred regular boarders, besides nearly two hundred servants and employers.

There are said to have been 1500 patents granted in the United States, on various improvements and modifications of *stoves*. That's a *heater*.

The Mexican word for a kiss, *tetenamaquilitzli*, contradicts the proverb that any thing is easier said than done.

A few days since a lady of New York advertised for a husband in one of the Pittsburg papers. Last week the same paper contained the announcement of her marriage to a respectable citizen of that place.

A boy who had both fists stuffed in his pockets, was accosted by his master in the following manner; "Hallo, boy take those fists out of your pockets; it's against the law to carry concealed weapons in this State."

Whatever difficulties you may have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result.

When a man chooses the rewards of virtue, he should remember that to resign the pleasures of vice is part of his bargain.

Before the establishment of the Magnetic Telegraph between our cities, when a man ran away, it was said that he had "cut sticks;" now if he wishes to get beyond dispute, he has to "cut wires."

The Hunger Cure is another *hobby* which has been started in Germany, by one of Priesnitz's disciples. The patient it is stated, abstains from eating or drinking, for six or eight days, and even for *three weeks*! or until perfect health is secured.

The Wheeling Times says a theatrical corps in that city were playing "Perfection," and when the lady playing Susan said, "I'll marry the first likely fellow that offers," a six footer from Monroe County, Ohio, walked up to the stage and said, "here's the boy for you, and there is the license," laying down a bona fida marriage license on the table of the orchestra.

A correspondent of the New York Express, describes Wisconsin as one of the most favored Western States. The increase of population in six years from 31,000 to 200,000 gives some plausibility to this view. One third of the present population of Wisconsin is composed of foreign imigrants, many of whom are Norwegians, rough, sturdy and ignorant, but industrious, honest, willing to work to get gain and ready to keep it when obtained. A large portion of the American population is composed of farmers who have sold their lands in New York, Pennsylvania and Vermont, for 30, 40 and 50 dollars an acre, and have taken up lands here at $1,25, more fertile than those they have sold.

If the population of Europe through unfavorable seasons, an impoverished soil, indifferent cultivation, or any other cause, presses hard upon the means of subsistence, their rulers must find means to feed them, for the monarchs of Europe would dread the tumult at the present day, which such a state of things would produce.—Disturbances in France and Ireland have already been produced by the rise in the price of bread and the disease of the potatoes, which it has required all the influence of the Catholic priesthood to suppress.

From the Rio de la Plata.—By the arrival of barque Mazeppa from Rio de Janeiro, accounts a little later from the la Plata have been received. The only item of any interest, however, relates to the mission of Mr Hood, whose propositions to the Buenos Ayrean Government are said to be as follows:—

1st. The evacuation of the Montevidean territory, by the Argentine troops; 2d. A free election of deputies in the city and country; 3d. Their meeting when elected, at a neutral point, for the purpose of choosing a President, apart from all influence of contending parties; 4th. The acknowledgement of such President by all parties, whether Oribe or any other; and 5th.—Stipulations for reciprocal faith in favor of the belligerents.

It was reported that Gen. Oribe was making preparations for a pitched battle with Rivera.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

An Involuntary Bath.—As the passengers were leaving the steamboat at Allyn's Point on Tuesday, to take the Norwich cars, the wife of Mr Moody, R. R. Depot Master at Worcester, made a misstep and fell from the plank into the water. Her husband promptly jumped in after her, and succeeded in keeping her from sinking, till by the assistance of others, both were rescued from their uncomfortable siteation. They sustained no injury from the untimely washing, but that of being delayed in their journey—it being necessary for them to remain behind awhile, to dry.—*Am. Traveller.*

Fatal Accident.—We regret to learn of an accident which occurred on Wednesday, on the Salisbury Branch Railroad, by which one man was instantly killed, and another badly if not fatally wounded.

Early in the morning, while the men were at work in the deep cut through "Brown's Hill," a slide of earth from the side cut took place, and buried beneath it Mr John Colby of the Mills Village, and an Irishman, whose name we did not learn. The slide was so sudden that the individuals had not time to avoid it.

Mr Colby was taken out dead, and the other man had his chest crushed, and was otherwise dangerously injured. Mr C. has left a wife and several children, and was about 26 years of age.—*Newburyport Herald.*

Serious Accident.—On Saturday afternoon as the workmen on the railroad, near Washington street, were placing the rock upon a car, one of the guys which held the derric, parted, and the whole fell down. In falling, the derric struck two young men, who were sitting upon the embankment witnessing the operations of those at work, breaking the back of one of them, and stunning and bruising the other. The one whose back was broken, is 18 years of age and belonged to Scituate. His name is Litchfield. He was taken to Boston yesterday, to be placed in the Massachusetts General Hospital.—There is but little hope of his recovery.—The other young man was so far recovered on Sunday as to be enabled to go on board the vessel to which both were attached, and he was taken home.—*Gloucester Telegraph.*

Extraordinary Change of Fortune.—A correspondent of the Boston Courier, writing from Buffalo, says an individual of that city, when in the great expansion of business in 1836, stood next to Rathbun; the second in the list of heroes who travelled through the country in state, and who spent hundreds of dollars in the Hotels of an evening and then cursed the landlord for not charging higher who purchased the American Hotel, for I know not how much and expended $40,000 in furnishing it—who was approached with awe, and looked up to with reverence—who is said to have given in a schedule in bankruptcy of some eleven millions—is now engaged in the humble but honest employment of driving a horse cart, and peddling sand about the streets of Buffalo, while his wife supports herself as a nurse.

Business is increasing in this village.

"Many people estimate the ability of a newspaper and the industry and talents of its editor, by the quantity of editorial matter it contains. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to dose out columns of *words—words*, upon any and all subjects; his ideas may flow in "one weak, washy, everlasting flood," and his command of language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be a meagre and poor concern. But what is the labor, the toil of such a man, who displays his "*leaded matter*" ever so largely to that imposed on the judicious editor who exercises his vocation with an hourly consciousness of his responsibilities and its duties, and devotes himself to the conducting of his paper with the same care and assiduity that a sensible lawyer bestows upon a suit, a humane physician upon a patient, without regard to show or display! Indeed, the mere "writing part" of editing a paper, is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting is far more important, and the tact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than any thing else—that we all know is half the battle. But as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated and his labors understood and appreciated by the general conduct of his paper—its tone—its temper—its uniform, consistent course—its principles—its alms—its manliness—its dignity—its purity. To preserve these as they should be preserved, is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general establishment, which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is, how can they find room "to write at all."—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

[Retail Prices Inside Quincy Market.]

PROVISIONS.

Butter, lump,	20 a 27	West'n do lb	7 1-2 a 8
do tub, lb	14 a 18	Lard, best, lb	8 1-2 a 9
Cheese, new milk, lb	8 a 10	Do. West'n. keg, per lb	8 1-2 a 9
do 4 meal	4 a 6	Veal, lb	5 a 10
Eggs, dozen	15 a 16	Calves, whole	4 a 7
Beef, fresh, lb	6 a 12	Lamb, lb	5 a 8
do salted, lb	6 a 7	Mutton, lb	4 a 16
do smoked	8 a 9	Sheep, whole	5 a 7
Hogs, whole	5 a 6 1-4	Chickens, pr	37 a 1
Pork, fresh	8 a 10	Turkeys, pr	1 60 a 1 50
do salted	7 1-2 a 8	Pigeons, doz	1 25 a 1 50
Boston Hams, per lb	9 1-2 a 10	Geese, Mon'l	1 00 a 125

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes, swt. bushel	a 2 50	Turnips, bush	50
Potatoes, pk	17 a	Onions, bunch	3 a 5
Cabbages,	6 a 8	Beets, bush	a 1 25
Squashes, lb	1 a 2	Beans, "	1 75 a 2 00
		Parsley, box	a 6

FRUIT.

Quinces, none		Apples, bush	1 00 a 150
Cranberries,	0 00 a 1 50	Pears, bush	
Chestnuts,	2 50 a 3 00	Apples, d'd lb	6 1-2
Shellbarks,	1 37 a 1 62	Oranges, box	2 50 a 3 00
Grapes, Hamburg, lb	25 a 37	Lemons, box	2 75 a 3 00
		Figs, lb	10 a 12

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS.

Lump, 100 lbs	20 a 23	Cheese, best,	
Tub, best, ton	10 a 16	pr ton	8 1-2 a 9
Shipping do pr ton	7 a 10	Common, do	5 a 6
		Eggs, 100 doz	11 a 12

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

Apples, bbl	1 00a2 00	bush,	2 50a3 00
Beets, bbl	1 00a1 50	Pickles, bbl	6 50a7 00
Carrots, bbl	1 00a1 25	Peppers, bbl	3 00a9 00
Potatoes, bbl	1 00a1 25	Mangoes, bbl	8 00a10 00
Onions,			

LEATHER.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Phil. best, lb	20a22	N.Y.red, l't	14a15
Do country,	19a20	Do do he'vy	13a14
Balt. city tan	20a21	East. sl'gh't	14a15
Do dry hide	17a18	Do dry hide	12a14

WOOL.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Saxony fl. lb	38a40	Com. to 1-4 do	27a25
Do prime	40a41	Lambs, sup.	33a38
Do lambs	a	Do 1st qual.	27a30
m. ful 1 bl'd	37a38	Do 2d qual.	18a20
Do half blood	30a31	Do 3d qual.	14a17

LIME.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Thomaston, per cask	85a90	L'Etang, St. Geo. co w l	a
Camden,	75a80	Do 1st qual.	a

HAY.—[Wholesale Prices.]

Country, cwt	85 a 90	Straw, cwt.	50a55
Eastern, ton	10 00a11 00		

HOPS.—[Wholesale Prices.]

1st sort, 1846	10a11	2d sort	a

BEEF, PORK, LARD, &c.

[Wholesale Prices Inside Quincy Market.]

Mess Beef, bbl		Ohio Mess	13 00 a 13 50
cash price	9 00 a 9 50	do Prime,	11 00 a
Navy mess,	8 00 a	Boston Lard,	
No 1 do	7 50 a	in barrels,	8 1-2 a
Pork, Boston		Ohio do do	a 8 1-2
ex cl bbl	a 16 00	Boston Hams,	a 9
Boston clear	15 a 15 50	Ohio do	8 a 8 1-2
Ohio ex cl	14 a 14 50	Tongues, bbl	18 00 a 20 00
do clear	14 50 a 15 00		

HIDES.—[Wholesale Prices.]

B. Ayres, dry hide, lb	12a12 1-2	African,	10a16
Pernam. d.s	8 1-2a9 1-2	Calcutta cow, g. salted	30a1 10
Rio Grande	12a13	Do dry	40a70
W. Indian	9 1-2a10		

Brighton Market.—*Monday Oct. 5.*

[Reported for the Daily Advertiser.]

At Market, 1400 Beef Cattle, 1550 Stores 3300 Sheep, and 650 Swine.

Prices—Beef Cattle—The prices obtained last week for a like quality were not sustained. A few better Cattle were at market. We quote extra 5 50; first quality $5 a 5 25; second $4 25 a 5; third 3 a 4.

Stores—Two year old $10 a $14; three year old $16 a $28.

Sheep—Sales quick: small lots at 1 50, 1 62, 1 75, 1 33, 2 25 and 2 50.

Swine—Lots to peddle at 3 1-2c for Sows and 4 1-2c for Barrows; old Hogs 3 1-2, 3 3-4 and 4c. At relail from 4 to 5c.

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT

Mechanics' Hall, opposite the W. R. R. House.

The Subscribers having a large assortment of New and Fashionable Job Type in connection with

"The Palmer Sentinel,"

ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE EVERY variety of JOB PRINTING, in the best manner and at the lowest prices,

—such as—

Books, Catalogues, Pamphlets,	Programmes, Shop Bills Tickets,	Circulars, Blanks, Cards, &c.

Being practical Printers, we shall give our personal and immediate attention to all work entrusted to our care, and faithfully endeavor to meet the wishes of our customers; we trust our exertions will meet with a liberal share of public patronage.

All orders sent by mail, or otherwise, will be punctually attended to at the shortest notice.

Business and Visiting Cards, with or without printing, constantly on hand, at the lowest prices.

F. F. WHITTEMORE. R. A. TENNEY.

JUST PUBLISHED!

GREAT MEDICAL RE-PRINT!

First American, from the tenth English Edition.—Self-Management and cure of Pulmonary Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs. By W. T. Buchan, M. D. of London, England. With a Portrait of the Author, and Engravings illustrative of the Anatomy of the Lungs.

Price only 25 Cents.

THIS work contains a brief and distinct description of the *Anatomy of the Chest and Lungs*—an outline of Dr. Buchan's *highly successful* method of treating Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Consumption—an account of his *new and powerful remedy*—and directions for *self-management and cure*, adapted to popular use.

It is the result of nearly twenty years' practice and experiment in the city of London, and the combined experience of the most learned Physicians and Surgeons of the age—forming a perfect Manual of medical knowledge and advice in relation to the anatomy of the Lungs, the signs, symptoms, treatment and cure of Pulmonary Complaints.

This Work and the treatment which it recommends, are held in the highest possible esteem in Great Britain, as the extracts from public journals, which are given in the appendix, will abundantly show. Dr. Buchan truly declares, that with this simple Guide, *"a consumptive patient may do more for himself than any ordinary physician can do, by any of the common methods of practice."*

Published by D. F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington street, Boston, and sold by all the Booksellers and dealers in new publications in the United States.

Price 25 cents per copy—the usual discount to the trade.

AGENTS.—Palmer Depot, A. Allen; Northampton, W. Hillyer; Amherst, N. Fitch; Belchertown, H. A. Longley; Ware, L. Dimond; Barre, Woods & Co., and by the dealers in medicine generally. 12

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, the great remedy for

CONSUMPTION,

And the best medicine known to man for Asthma of every stage, Liver Complaints, Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, Colds, Bleeding of the Lungs, Shortness of Breath, pains and weakness in the side, breast, &c., and all other diseases of the

PULMONARY ORGANS.

A very important disease over which this "Balsam" exerts a very powerful influence, is that of a

Diseased Liver.

In this complaint it has undoubtedly proved more efficacious than any remedy hitherto employed, and in numerous instances when patients had endured long and severe suffering from the disease, without receiving the least benefit from various remedies, and when MERCURY has been resorted to in vain, the use of this Balsam has restored the LIVER to a healthy action, and in many instances effected

PERMANENT CURES,

after every known remedy had failed to produce this desired effect.

Besides its astonishing efficacy in the diseases above mentioned, we also find it a very effectual remedy in ASTHMA, a complaint in which it has been extensively used with decided success, even in cases of years standing.

It not only emanates from a regular Physician, but has also been well tested in all the complaints for which it is recommended. It is not my intention, therefore, either to cloak it in mystery, or in mystery, or in any way deceive the public by overrating its virtues; on the contrary, I shall simply endeavor to give a brief statement of its usefulness, and flatter myself that its surprising efficacy will enable me to furnish such proofs of its virtues as will satisfy the most incredulous, that Consumption may and "CAN BE CURED," if this medicine be resorted to in time.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTT'S on the wrapper.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson. 37

CAUTION!

The public are particularly cautioned against purchasing imitation articles pretending to have the same effect as Brown's Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters. Never buy the Sarsaparilla and Dandelion Panacea, Kittredge's Tomato Bitters, nor Extract of Sarsaparilla, Tomato and Dandelion, or any other preparation, with the expectation of getting the genuine BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA AND TOMATO BITTERS, which are prepared at his Medicine Store, No. 68 Washington street, Boston.—These Bitters are the first preparation of the kind that was ever sold, and they are the only genuine article of the kind now in the market. Always see that the direction is signed FREDERICK BROWN in his own hand writing. Who ever heard of a man's counterfeiting a bad bank note, or one that would not pass? Just so it is with medicine they always counterfeit that which sells.

All orders for BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA AND TOMATO BITTERS, directed to FREDERICK BROWN, the proprietor, No. 68 Washington street, Boston, will be attended to punctually.—Bitters securely packed for shipping. None genuine unless signed FREDERICK BROWN, on the wrapper.

Agents.—Abner Allen, Palmer Depot; Wm. N. Packard, Monson. 37

Fever Sores.—The following letter has just been received through the hands of Dr. Benjamin D. Miller, of the cure of an old *Indolent Ulcer*, or Fever Sore. This person has been under the hands of several Physicians, and used every remedy, yet found no relief, till he was induced to try *Hunt's Liniment*, which effected a perfect cure.

Geo. E. Stanton, Esq. *Pinesbridge, June 12, 1846.*

Dear Sir—For six years I have suffered with what is commonly called a Fever sore on my leg. I can scarcely describe to you all I have endured for this long period, by this dreadful complaint, only about half that time have I been able to work. I have had it examined by several Physicians, and tried many of the remedies of the day for this kind of disease, but none of them afforded me any relief. I sent for Dr. Miller, and he recommended me to use Hunt's Liniment. I did so, and after using five bottles I am entirely well of a hideous sore, that I supposed would hang on me for life. I feel like a new man, and heartily recommend this Liniment to all suffering persons, that they may be relieved at once. Most respectfully, yours,

OWEN O'SLAVIN.

P. S. I cheerfully bear testimony to the truth of the above statement. BENJ. D. MILLER, M. D.

The Liniment is sold by

D. F. McGILVRAY.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, Oct. 6, by the Rev. Mr Lamb, Mr M. Dixon of Woonsocket Falls, to Miss Eliza Davis of this town.

In Belchertown, Oct. 1st, Mr Joshua G. Longley to Miss Catharine D. Stacy.

In Williamsburg, Oct. 1st, Mr S. W. Longley of Palmer, to Miss D. R. Kingsley, of W.

DEATHS.

In Monson, Sept. 27, Miss Violet G. daughter of Asa and Abagail Moulton, aged 19.

In Belchertown, Sept. 28th, Miss Julia A. M. Jacobs, aged 19.

In Belchertown, Sept. 28th, Adelaide Sophia, child of Mr Heman Moody, aged 1 year.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Palmer and the neighboring towns, that he has recently opened a shop at Palmer Depot, for the manufacture of

Grave Stone & Monument Work,

keeping constantly on hand marble of different qualities, from the highly polished Italian to the cheapest Berkshire; and would say to those who may wish for any thing in his line, that by calling at his shop he will furnish them with any quality or pattern they may want. Work warranted as good as the best, and prices as low as the lowest.

A. FAIRFIELD, (formerly did business in Northampton.)

Palmer Depot, Oct. 8, 1846. 39-3t

LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office, at Palmer Depot, Oct 1st, 1846.

Ashton Mrs Maria	Ingalls Thomas
Anthony John	Jewett James
Beard Leander	Kendall Harriet S
Barritt Charles	McIntire Miss Sally 2
Beaver Miss Eliza B	Mosely Miss Henrietta
Barrows William C	Melville Jonas
Brian Daniel	Nichols Albert F
Clark Leavitt	Purdy Harvey
Cortis Francis 2	Peck Lemuel
Dunbar Cynthia	Richards Hosea
Decker Peter	Roach Michael
Douglass William	Robinson Mrs Louisa
Dickenson N S	Shaw Miss Mary E 2
Eaton John J	Shimmins John
Franklin Israel	Templeton Wm. B
Fuller M	Whitman L P
Goodridge Mrs Mary	Woodcock David F
Gray William S	
Harvey Erasmus	

N.B. Persons calling for any of the above letters, please say *Advertised.*

JOHN BOWLES, P. M.

Palmer Depot

BOOT, SHOE & CLOTHING STORE.

J. BOWLES,

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Palmer and the adjoining towns, that he keeps on hand and will make to order every variety of

Boots, Shoes and Clothing.

Also—A good assortment of *Confectionary and Fancy Articles.*

Also—A large lot of superior CIGARS, wholesale and retail. Hotels furnished at the lowest prices for cash.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 18, 1846. 37-tf

FASHIONABLE

Tailoring Establisment!

L. A. BAILEY,

HAVING taken great pains to procure the most approved FASHIONS for the coming season, is now prepared to manufacture Garments of every style in the best manner at the lowest rates, and at the time specified.

Cutting done at Short Notice

and full and ample directions given in regard to making, and a

FIT WARRANTED.

The subscriber feeling grateful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, hopes by unremitting attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same. L. A. BAILEY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 2, 1846. 34.

Public Notice.

THE subscriber will pay at his Store in Goods at *cash prices*, twenty dollars per thousand for Walnut and White Oak Hoop Poles, 14 feet long, large enough for two hoops. The poles to be delivered at the Hoop Factory near the Depot.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

Palmer Depot, Sept. 28, 1846. 38-3m

REMOVAL.

C. TORREY, Counsellor at Law.

HAS removed to A. N. Dewey's new building, South of the Rail Road.

OFFICE, up stairs, opposite Sentinel office

C. T. is Commissioner to take Depositions, and the Acknowledgment of Deeds in Massachusetts, for use and record in New Hampshire.

Palmer Depot. July 1, 1846. tf 25

B. B. WHITTEMORE,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law,

OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Post Office,

24tf PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

GEORGE H. HUDSON & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS

AND DEALERS IN ALL THE VARIETIES OF

English, German, French and American

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, & Vesting.

—ALSO—

In ready made clothing, and Gents' furnishing goods, at the

Merchants' Exchange Clothing Establishment,

WARE VILLAGE, MASS. 13

J. D. BARBER,

Fashionable Tailor,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Garments made in the best style and warranted to fit.

Particular attention is paid to cutting where the Garment is to be made out of the shop.

Palmer Depot, Jan. 12, 1846.

STRAW CUTTERS.

HOVEY'S PATENT SPIRAL

STRAW CUTTERS. Also a good assortment of

WORCESTER PLOWS,

for sale at E. TENNEY'S, about one-half mile east of Palmer Depot, 35-3t.

A. BLODGETT,

Watch Maker and Jeweler,

3 DOORS WEST OF THE PALMER HOTEL,

North side of the Railroad,

PALMER DEPOT, MASS.

Watches and Clocks of all kinds carefully repaired and warranted.

Wanted!

4 GOOD TAILORESSES will find immediate employment, by calling on

THEODORE C. DENEKEE.

Monson, Aug. 30, 1846. 34-6t

Hats! Hats!!

SOME beautiful style Drab and Black Hats, now offered for sale at

McGILVRAY'S.

THE subscriber has just received a large addition to his extensive stock of Gent's Thin Boots and Ladies' Shoes, which he is selling at remarkably low prices.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

LADIES' GLOVES & HOSIERY.

A FULL assortment at low prices, at

McGILVRAY'S.

Hams, Pork and Lard.

EXTRA Boston Hams, Pork and Lard, for sale at McGILVRAY'S.

Shoes! Shoes!!

JUST received at the Depot Store, a fine assortment of Ladies, Misses and Children's Shoes, in all qualities, colors and prices, to which the attention of the Ladies is solicited.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

GINGHAMS & LAWNS.

SPLENDID styles selling at a great discount, at

McGILVRAY'S.

A FEW pieces more of those Black German Cloths, which have given so good satisfaction just received and for sale at the depot store.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY,

—CALLED—

HUNT'S LINIMENT,

IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE

The Infallible Remedy

For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contraction of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Back and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Salt Rheum, Burns, Croup, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous Diseases.

THE TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS

Which has attendeded the application of this most

WONDERFUL MEDICINE

In curing the most severe cases of the different diseases above named,—and the high encomiums that have been bestowed upon it, wherever it has been introduced, gives me the right to call on the

THE AFFLICTED

to resort at once to the

ONLY REMEDY THAT CAN BE RELIED ON.

From the New York Mirror.

HUNT'S LINIMENT.—This invaluable Remedy of the many "ills that flesh is heir to," continues to shed its untold benefits upon all classes of society. We have seen a Certificate from some of the most respectable, intelligent, and influential citizens of Westchester, where the Proprietor resides, who are above all attempts to mislead the public in reference to any medicine, remedy, or preparation; and as this testimony is at once spontaneous and uniform in commending this truly excellent Medicine for Rheumatism, and various other diseases named in the advertisement, there can no longer be a reasonable doubt entertained of its extraordinary success and triumph over the maladies in question.

Sing Sing, May 13, 1845.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used Mr George E. Stanton's External Remedy, called HUNT'S LINIMENT, and have proved it to be fully equal to the character he gives it. Its healing properties are truly extraordinary; and we most confidently recommend it as one of the most certain external remedies that has yet been discovered.

Caleb Roscoe, Editor Westchester Herald.
Albert Lockwood, Judge Court Common Pleas.
James Locke, the extensive Horticulturist.
James B. Swain, Editor H. R. Chronicle.
M. Churchill, Principal of the celebrated Boarding School for Boys.
Samuel F. Reynolds, Supreme Court Commissioner.
R. R. Voris, District Attorney.
Theodosius Clark, Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church.
Robert Wiltse, late agent M. P. State Prison.
Aaron Ward, late Member of Congress.
Munson I. Lockwood, Clerk of the County.
Wm. H. Peck, agent M. P. State Prison.
B. C. Morse, Pastor of the Baptist Church.

Benjamin Moore,	Samuel Trowbridge,
Abraham Kipp,	Pierre Van Cortlandt,
Stephen Marshall,	Abraham Miller,
John Strang,	Gilbert Martin,
Philip G. Van Wyck,	Edmund M. Blunt,
	Benjamin Washburn.

☞ The following shows a case of Rheumatism cured with only one bottle of Hunt's Liniment.—The letter is addressed to Mr Stanton:

Yorktown, June 18, 1845.

Sir,—Having cured me of a severe attack of Rheumatism, which had rendered me almost helpless, and at the same time made me suffer great pain, I would offer my testimony in favor of the great properties which your External Remedy, Hunt's Liniment is possessed of. I only used one bottle, and with that I consider I have been saved from a protracted and severe illness. I am now attending to my business regularly, which is that of a farmer. Your obedient serv't,

OLIVER VAN CORTLANDT.

This Liniment is sold at 25 and 50 cents per bottle, by all the Principal Druggists and Merchants throughout the country.

Wholesale Agents in New York.

Hoadley, Phelps & Co., 142 Water street; Rushton & Co., 140 Broadway; A. B. & D. Sands, corner Fulton and William; Aspinwall, 66 William street.

Orders addressed to me at Sing Sing, N. Y., will be attended to.

GEO. E. STANTON, *Proprietor.*

Sing-Sing, Dec. 17, 1845.

AGENTS.—G. W. Callener, East Longmeadow; Samuel Leath, Wilbraham; Shaw & Chapman, So. Wilbraham; Norcross & Converse, Monson; J. G. Royce & Co. Wales; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; D. F. McGilvray & Co. Palmer Depot.

FURNITURE & CHAIRS!

Of every description, superior workmanship and latest style, may be found at SMITH'S NEW CABINET SHOP and

Warehouse,

THORNDIKE. The rest of the story may be told in a few words. The undersigned has established himself at the above place, where he is endeavoring to acquire a reputation for manufacturing good work, and is determined to sell cheap, cheaper, cheapest, for cash only. His arrangements are such that he cannot be undersold, either in this vicinity, Spring-field or Worcester, and respectfully invites those in want of any thing in his line, to give him a call and satisfy themselves with regard to the truth of the above statement.

LEBBEUS C. SMITH.

Thorndike, Aug. 1846. 31-3m

For Sale!

THE subscriber offers for sale his farm in Belchertown, pleasantly situated about one mile south of the centre of the town, on the stage road leading to Palmer Depot. It comprises about

110 Acres of Land,

and all under a *good state of improvement.* Most of the farm is of easy tilth by the plow, or may become permanent mowing. On it is a large two story dwelling house, well finished, wood house, large barn, &c.,—all the buildings have lately been very thoroughly repaired, house painted outside and inside,—the buildings will need but very little done to them by way of repairs for many years to come. It will be sold on most reasonable terms—upon the payment of a small part of the purchase money at the time of sale, the residue of payments might be deferred to distant periods to meet any reasonable wishes of the purchaser—indeed the payments for most of the purchase money might be extended till the avails of the farm, under an industrious and prudent management might be sufficient to meet them. Any young man of sober, industrious habits, will find it an advantageous opportunity to secure to himself a good farm, pleasantly situated, and upon terms within his control.

MARK DOOLITTLE.

Belchertown, Sept. 16, 1846. 36-6t

To Builders

AND OTHERS!!

THE subscriber is now prepared to furnish all kinds of Lumber at the Albany price, with the addition of freight. Purchasers are invited to call and learn prices and examine quality before purchasing. The Lumber Yard is near the depot store.

N. B. A large lot of Yellow and White Pine, and Spruce Flooring, all ready for laying on hand.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

SUMMER GOODS selling cheap at

McGILVRAY'S

POETRY.

I Love to Live.

Here are two delightful pieces of poetry. The first, we are told, was written by a lady, the second by a gentleman, after reading the former. Like good wine, they need no bush.

"I love to live!"—said a prattling boy,
As he gaily played with his new bought toy,
And a merry laugh went echoing forth,
From a bosom filled with joyous mirth.

"I love to live!"—said a stripling bold;
"I will seek for fame—I will toil for gold;"
And he formed in his leisure many a plan
To be carried out when he grew a man.

"I love to live!"—said a lover true;
"O, gentle maid, I would live for you;
I have labored hard in search for fame,
And have found it but an empty name."

"I love to live!—said a happy sire,
As his children neared the wintry fire;
For his heart was cheered to see their joy,
And he almost wished himself a boy.

"I love to live!"—said an aged man,
Whose hour of life was well nigh ran;
Think you such words from him were wild!
The old man was again a child.

And ever thus in this fallen world,
Is the banner of hope to the breeze unfurled;
And only with hope of life on high,
Can a mortal ever love to die.

I Live to Love.

"I live to love!"—said a laughing girl,
And she playfully tossed each flaxen curl;
As she climbed on her loving father's knee,
And snatched a kiss in childish glee.

"I live to love!"—said a maiden fair,
As she twined a wreath for her sister's hair;
They were bound by the cords of love together,
And death alone could those sisters sever.

"I live to love!"—said a gay young bride,
Her loved one standing by her side;
Her life told again what her lips had spoken,
And ne'er was the link of affection broken.

"I live to love!"—said a mother kind;
"I would live, a guide to the infant mind."
Her precepts and example given,
Guided her children up to heaven.

"I shall live to love!"—said a fading form;
And her eye was bright, and her cheek grew warm,
As she thought, in the blissful world on high
She should live to love, and never die.

And ever thus, in this lower world,
Should the banner of love be wide unfurled;
And when we meet in the world above,
May we love to live, and live to love.

HUMOROUS.

John Randolph once said, that the money making propensity was so strong in a Yankee, that if you threw a dollar at him, it would stick to him!

A volunteer writing to Louisville from the Rio Grande, says that the musketoes there, "can stand flat-footed upon the ground, and without difficulty drink water out of a pint tin cup."

Why is opening a letter like a very strange way of getting into a room? Because it is breaking through a *sealing*.

Why is a partner in a firm like a ploughman? Because he is a share-holder.

What kind of fruit is best adapted to melancholy young ladies? *Pine*-apples.

Whenever you see a small waist think how much health there is *wasted*.

Dip the Mississippi dry with a tea spoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; send up fishing hooks with balloons and bob for stars; get astride of a gossamer and chase a comet; choke a musquito with a brickbat—in short prove all things hitherto considered impossible to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will, when she has once made up her mind to say she wont.

A sure way to get rid of musquitoes, prescribed one friend to another in our hearing the other day. Put on the walls of your room, this notice—"*Stick no bills here.*" "What," replied the friend, "would be the musquito's first exclamation at such a notice? Do you give it up? *Must-quit-o.*"

An Irishman, in writing a love-letter, with a proposition of marriage, closed with the following reasonable request: "If you reject my proposition, please to return this letter unopened."

An Apothecary lately sent in a bill to a lady which ran thus—"To curing your husband till he died."

An Irish attorney, who died poor, was buried by a shilling subscription. Some one asked Curran for his shilling. "For what?" he exclaimed. "To bury an attorney." "Here take this pound note, and bury twenty of them at a shilling a head."

What kind of personal service is that for which you are never expected to be grateful? The *service* of a writ.

Why is a man beating his wife like a person taking a quack medicine? Because he takes *an elixir* (an' he licks her!)

"Please, have you any cold victuals?" said a little ragged girl to the cook of a boarding house.

"The Lord bless you, no, we eat all our cold victuals hot."

"*Peas* to his memory!" as the just man said of the salmon.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cows.

Although we have been favored with the luxuries emanating from the cow ever since the flood, we are still very ignorant of her value, and of the proper mode of managing her in sickness add in health.—We were taught to believe that it was necessary, indeed *improper* in all cases, to milk a cow before she had her first calf; and if I am not mistaken, this belief prevails universally at the present day.

Our attention was recently called to a favorite Durham heifer, whose udder was considerably inflamed and distended, nearly three months before her time of calving, and gradually increased for two months, until the size was so enormous and the inflammation so great, that we were apprehensive matter would form in the udder. To prevent this, we ordered her udder to be well bathed, morning, noon and night, with water as warm as it could be applied without scalding. By this mode of treatment, the udder was relaxed, but gradually increased in size, until we were satisfied that she could not be relieved until she was milked. The first effort brought off several pints of thick serous, or watery matter; the second day the discharge was a mixture of water and milk, and on the third day we had the pleasure of measuring seventeen pints of milk, and from this time forward until she calved—which was about one month from the first time of milking—she yielded from sixteen to eighteen quarts of fine rich milk every day.—The calf found the udder in fine condition for sucking, the teats all soft and the milk flowed upon the slightest compression of his lips. In this way we preserved the udder of one of the finest cows we ever milked; and we feel very confident that if we had left nature to herself, the udder would have been spoiled.—*Cor. Tenn. Agricult.*

Covering to the Ground Useful.

In all the essays I have seen on the application of manure, no account has been made of the advantage the soil receives from a covering. I have noticed that a spot covered by a board, a pile of rails, a heap of stones, or no matter what, on removing the encumbrance which has occupied the ground for two or three months, and cultivating it, it is found much better than the adjoining land. Observe a forest tree standing in a field—if of tolerable size and thrifty, it will impoverish a large area around it; yet the same kind of trees will grow close together, and vigorously, in the forest, where their leaves form a close covering to the ground, and at the same time the soil will be improved. Acting on these suggestions, I have for some years put my manure on clover in the spring, which I designed to turn under for wheat in the fall, giving the land the benefit of the covering of both the manure and the clover during the summer; and I think a given quantity of manure does more good to my land in this way than in any other that I have applied it. I state these things that the attention of scientific men may be turned to this question.—Does not a covering act so as to prevent the escape of ammonia and other substances beneficial to the soil?—*Cor. Far. Cabinet.*

Best kind of Winter Pears.

We have been surprised, often, that more attention has not been given to the cultivation of pears.

Marshall P. Wilder, Esq., President of the Mass. Horticultural Society, has experimented, perhaps as much as any man, on the different varieties of fruits, and in a communication to the Horticulturist, he recommends the following five varieties as being the best winter pears that he knows:—

1. *Beurre d' Aremberg.*—This does well, he says on a pear or a quince stock—is prolific, and keeps as well as a russet apple, if it be gathered in a dry day and packed at once in dry boxes from the air. It is in season from December to February.

2. *Winter Nelis.*—This, he observes, as a sweet melting pear, has no equal. Its growth is not strong—is well adapted to the quince stock. It is hardy and thrifty in rich soils, and to obtain specimens above medium size, it requires high cultivation and some thinning of the fruit. In season from November to January.

3. *Columbia.*—This, he thinks, a more perfect fruit in shape, and less liable to be assailed by insects than almost any other sort. It is thrifty and hardy—not prolific when young, but a great bearer when mature—ripens about the first of October.—The original tree is in Westchester county, N. York.

4. *Glout Morceau.*—This is a French variety, and much cultivated in that country. It is an excellent, rich, sugary pear—is hardy, and a great and constant bearer, but requires good cultivation. It is exceedingly well adapted to engrafting on the quince stock. In season from December to January.

5. *Passe Colmar.*—This he recommends as a hardy, vigorous, excellent pear. It is so prolific that it requires much judgment to manage it, and produces perfect fruit by pruning and thinning. He prunes out half the fruit spurs as early as March.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stick to it.

In Lunenburg county, Va., there resided many years ago one Squire Collins, who was, as they termed it, "a good liver," and in his immediate neighborhood one Jeff Green, who was a very poor man. As the story goes, Jeff had been pressed for the necessaries of life, and had borrowed meat from Squire Collins, and from all the neighbors under the promise that as soon as he killed his hog he would return the meat he had borrowed of them. He had borrowed more than a hog from the Squire, and as much as two hogs from the others. The morning of the day that Jeff intended killing his hog he went over to the Squire's, and says he to the Squire, "You know the time has come round for me to kill my hog, and I can't pay you all, so I come, as I owes most of it to you, to know what I must do?" Now, the Squire possessed a good deal of cunning, and was not disposed to be outdone—so he advised Jeff to kill and scald his hog, and hang it up under the peach tree in his yard—then get up about midnight and take it away—next morning to go round to those he borrowed of and tell them that he killed and scalded his hog, hung it up in his yard under the peach tree, and that some person had come there and stole the hog, and he had nothing to pay them with. "Then," says the Squire, "the people you borrowed meat from will pity you and let you off; but mind, Jeff, you must stick to what you say." "I will, Squire," said Jeff. Jeff killed the hog, scalded and hung it up under the peach tree. The Squire had been watching his movements, and was determined not to be a loser by Jeff—so as soon as all was quiet, the Squire got into the yard and carried off the hog. The next morning Jeff called on the Squire in great haste, and said—"Squire, you know yesterday afternoon I killed my hog, and after scalding him, hung him under the peach tree, and you think somebody didn't come and steal him, sure enough."—"That's right," said the Squire, you are doing very well. Mind, Jeff, and stick to it." "Yes," said Jeff, "but, Squire, there ain't no joke about it—I wish I may be d—d if they ain't gone and stole the hog." "Excellent," said the Squire "stick to it Jeff, and they will believe you—stick to it Jeff.—*N. O. Delta.*

Reflection.

As we look back on our past lives, we regret many a bargain we have made, and many a step we have taken. Here we went too fast, and there too slow; one day we lost by our folly and the next by our folly and the next by our pride and extravagance. In reviewing the past, we thus see cause for regret and repentance. But there is one thing we are never sorry for, let us live as long as we may—we never mourn over a correct and virtuous life.—When pillowed for the night, we have no reproaches of conscience for a good deed or a kind suggestion. When the world has no attractions for us—when its prospects and its glories are fading from our gaze and the visions of an eternal state are bursting upon us—it is then we think of an honest and upright life. Who with the hour of death in view, would ever perform a wicked act? One hour of serious reflection, will unfit us for any vicious society or unholy career. How strange it is, that amid the dying and the dead, mankind will so far forget themselves and their Creator, as to serve a career of folly and crime, when the next breath of disease may sweep them to destruction.—*Portland Tribune.*

Industry and Integrity.

There is nothing possible to man which industry and integrity will not accomplish. The poor boy of yesterday, that a dollar was a miracle in his vision, houseless, shoeless, and breadless—compelled to wander on foot from village to village, with his bundle on his back, in order to procure labor and the means of subsistence, has become the talented and honorable young man of to-day, by the power of his right arm, and the potent influence of his pure principles, firmly held and perpetually maintained. When poverty and what the world called disgrace stared him in the face, he shuddered not; but pressed onward and exalted most in high and honorable deeds in the midst of accumulating disasters and calamities. Let this young man be cherished, for the honors his country and dignifies his race. High blood—if this courses not in his veins, he is a free-born prince. Wealth—what cares he for that, so long as his heart is pure, and his walk upright, he knows and his country tells him that the little finger of an honest and upright young man, is worth more than the whole body of an effeminate and dishonest rich man. These are men who make the country—who bring to it whatever of iron sinews and unfailing spirit it possesses or desires who are rapidly rendering it the mightiest, most powerful, as it is already the freest land beneat the circle of the sun.

A Good Spokesman.—It is stated in Hood's Magazine, that, at a west end debating society, a journeyman wheelwright was by far the best *spokesman*.

A Stranger in New York.

The New York Sun gives the following account, as an illustration of the manner in which strangers are "taken in" in the good city of Gotham. "A Mr S. from the island of Jamaica, now staying at the Franklin House, called upon Captain McGrath, at the 6th district station-house, and having solicited a private audience asked in a whisper if the police official had heard of any one who had lost a pocket-book containing a large amount of money, adding that while in the American Museum on the evening previous two young men had accosted him with the observation, "Sir, you've lost your pocket book," at the same time picking the article up from near his feet. On examining his pockets he found that there was nothing missing, but as the two young gentlemen wished him to leave town early the next morning, he had consented to do so, and as there seemed to be a large amount of bills within he felt safe in rewarding their honesty with two five dollar gold pieces, trusting that when the owner should come to reclaim the treasure he would doubtless return the ten dollars, with perhaps something additional. On receiving this information, Captain McGrath hinted that he had better examine the contents of the wallet, as possibly he might be deceived in regard to the worth of the mysterious package. The Jamaica gentleman accordingly very carefully proceeded to unroll what appeared to be a large pile of bank notes, when some half a dozen Globe bills and an old newspaper were all that met his astonished gaze—the entire lot, pocket-book and all, being probably worth a light shilling! Mr S. turted on his heel very suddenly, and cramming the book and contents to the bottom of his coat pocket, made a hasty bow to the police captain, swearing as he left the office that "the thing should go back with him to Jamaica as a proof of the way strangers are done brown in the city of Gotham."

Origin of the Word Humbug.

A Scotch paper affirms that this word is of Scottish origin. There was in olden times a raee, now extinct, called Bogue or Boag of that Ilk, in Berwickshire. A daughter of this family married a son of Hume or Hone, also of that Ilk. In process of time, by default of male issue, the Bogue property devolved on one Geordie Home or Hulme, who was properly styled Hume or Home o' the Bog. This worthy was somewhat inclined to be marvellous, and had a vast inclination to exalt himself, his wife, family, brother, and all his ancestors on both sides. His tales, however, did not pass current, and at last, when anybody made any very extraordinary statement in the Mearns, the hearers would shrug up their shoulders and style it "just a hum o' the Bog." This was soon shortened into *humbug*, and in a few years the word spread like wildfire over the whole kingdom!—*B. Post.*

UNRIVALLED FAMILY MEDICINE

Norman's Peruvian Bitters: or *VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE ELIXIR.*

ARE a mild and sure remedy for all diseases arising from a deranged or unhealthy condition of the stomach and digestive organs—such as dyspepsia or indigestion, jaundice, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, loss of appetite, diarrhœa, dysentery, flatulence, morning sickness, pains in the side, back or limbs, drowsiness after eating, an under determination of blood to the head, faintness, piles, liver complaint, and general debility.

The Peruvian Bitters are likewise particularly calculated for females, to remove obstructions and restore nature in a sure and salutary manner; and also for curing the various kinds of humor which affect the body externally. Their operation is mild, but effectual causing no griping, or disagreeable feeling; they stimulate the vessels of the intestines, whereby they cleanse the whole alimentary canal and remove from the stomach and bowels the various impurities which are constantly collecting around them—they most effectually cleanse, purify, and promote a fresh and brisk circulation of the blood; renovate the diseased and languid organs of the system, bring nature into its legitimate channel, and restore health and cheerfulness to the desponding invalid.

One great advantage that the Peruvian Bitters have over any other remedy yet discovered, in the above complaints, is, that in restoring every function to its proper order, they do not reduce the system, so that tonics are required, but may be taken with perfect safety at any time, without particular attention to diet or exercise, as they aid the stomach in digesting its food, and enable the patient to prosecute his ordinary business with renewed energy.

Orders for the Peruvian Bitters in any quantity, addressed to A. BLODGETT, Palmer Depot, will be promptly attended to.

For sale also, by H. G. Hale, Thorndike; E. Bond, Bondsville; A. Shumway, Three Rivers; Wm. Sigourney, Wilbraham No. Village; R. R. Wright, Wilbraham; Wm. N. Packard, Norcross & Converse, Monson; Wm. Olmsted & Co. No. Factory, and Hale & Olmsted, So. Factory, Monson; Andrews & Merrick, Brimfield; A. Blair, Warren; H. M. Bolton, Stafford (Furnace Village.) 22

"Encourage the New Beginner."—FRANKLIN.

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BALSAM OF LIVERWORT!

FROM 375 Bowery New York, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Liver Complaint and Bleeding at the Lungs.

Read the following certificates.

New York, March 6, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—I am now connected with the Democratic Advocate, Williamsburg, and am happy publicly to state, for the information of every body, the wonderful effects of your *TAYLOR'S BALSAM OF LIVERWORT*, 375 Bowery, on myself. About five years since, all my acquaintances about me pronounced me to be past all hope of cure from fixed consumption, which seemed to mark me as a sure victim. I had a violent cough, for six months almost incessant, preventing me from sleeping more than half an hour at a time. I had profuse night sweats, violent pain in the side and chest, expectorated largely, was greatly exhausted, and reduced almost to a skeleton. I commenced using this medicine, and in three days I felt sure of being cured, I was so much relieved by it. In my case it acted like a perfect charm. I am entirely well, and I have recommended it to hundreds since, and cheerfully do advise most sincerely all persons affected with consumption by all means to use steadily *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, 375 Bowery, and, my word for it, they will be cured. I can be seen and referred to at any time, at the office of the Democratic Advocate, Wilmington, L. I.

Yours truly, A. N. CHAPIN.

Extract, dated Orange, N. J. March 1, 1845.

Dear Doctor,—About five years since I was taken with spitting of blood, with cough. The blood was bright red color. I had two attacks, and I was cured entirely by one bottle of *Dr. Taylor's Balsam of Liverwort*, of 375 Bowery.

(Signed) Isaac P. Baldwin.

Sworn to before me, the 1st day of March, 1845.

H. C. Towner, Com. of Deeds.

Honesdale, Penn., April 22, 1845.

Dear Doctor.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for a number of years with a disease of the lungs, which had reduced me to the verge of the grave. All medical aid proved unavailing, and owing to the weakness of my constitution, which age had materially impaired, felt that I could not much longer baffle the disease. At this time I was recommended to try Dr. Taylor's Genuine Balsam of Liverwort, from 375 Bowery. I did so, and by its efficacy can with safety say, I have been almost restored to health, as much so as the infirmities of old age would permit. All those who are afflicted with diseases of the Lungs and Liver, I would especially urge to avail themselves of this sovereign remedy. This certificate can be relied upon, and comes from one of the oldest inhabitants of this town.

John Garret.

The above certificate we have the pleasure to send you, with permission to publish.

Yours truly, J. & N. SNYDER.

N. B—Price reduced. Large bottles, $1.50—small bottles, $1.00.

Agents, D. F. McGilvray & Co., Palmer Depot; George Nye, Belchertown; W. N. Packard, Monson. 1y1

KOLMSTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

THIS remedy for worms is one of the most extraordinary ever used. It effectually eradicates worms of every sort, from children and adults.

It cannot harm the smallest infant or the strongest adult. There is no mercury or mineral in it.—Mercury is the basis of most worm remedies; and the remedy is sometimes worse than the disease.—So never use lozenges, but rely upon this. Every person will be convinced on one trial, that it is the most perfect cure ever invented.

The immense sale that this vermifuge has, is a sure test of its value and the estimation in which it is held by families. It would be quite too expensive to publish a volume of certificates that have been given for this article, and the users of it are requested to spread the name to all persons whom they think may be benefitted by it.

We call on all good citizens to make known the effects of this wonderful remedy.

Remember and ask for *Kolmstock's Vermifuge*, the one that has become known to you through the advertisement should be used in justice to the proprietors.

STARTLING FACTS.

Hundreds of children and adults are lost every year with worms, when some other cause has been supposed to be the true one.

It is admitted by all doctors that scarce a man, woman or child exists but what are sooner or later troubled with this complaint.

Sold by Comstock & Ross, 19 Tremont Row, Boston—also, by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Cured of Piles.

"For five years I was afflicted with what the doctors told me were the Itching Piles. I had applied to several physicians, and used many medicines without any relief, till I used the Hay's Liniment, which I purchased of Comstock & Ross, No. 19 Tremont Row, which cured me before I had used all of one bottle. I was greatly relieved upon the first one or two applications. Most seriously do I urge upon the afflicted to use this remedy before all others. My object entirely in making my case public, is hoping I may benefit the afflicted sufferer.

Eben Thompson, No. 4 Allston st.

Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Connel's Magical Pain Extractor,

The great healing salve.—It seems hardly worth while that we should add our testimony to the overwhelming mass that has already been procured by that inestimable burn specific called Connel's Magical Pain Extractor—but we might as well say it exceeds any thing we ever heard of for the rapid and thorough cure of the following complaints, which have been tested in this city, viz.: burns, scalds, tender and sore feet, chilblains, wounds and old sores, bruises and cold in wounds, inflammation, salt rheum, rheumatism, erysipelas, sore eyes and nipples, eruptions and scrofula, chaps, and piles in their worst form. No family should be without this wonderful salve. Sold genuine at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Sarsaparilla.

Comstock & Co's Concentrated Compound Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla, for the cure of scrofula, chronic rheumatism, general debility, cutaneous diseases, scaly eruptions of the skin, tetters, pimples on the face, mercurial and siphiloid diseases, biles from impure habits of the body, ulcerations of the throat, pains and swellings of the bones, liver affections, and all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, exposure and imprudence of life, excessive use of mercury. The Sarsaparilla can be depended upon as being as good as any other in this country or Europe. This pure extract is put up in as large or larger bottles as any sold for one dollar, at the unprecedented low price of 50 cents per bottle, or $4 per dozen. Sold by Comstock & Ross, 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot. 21-5m.

The Naples Hair Dye,

Is warranted to impart to the hair a jet black, without either affecting its softness or strength, and without staining or in any way injuring the skin. It is perfectly innocent in its nature, and has no deleterious effects on the health, as is attested by the experience of those in the city who have used it.—An apprehension of its possessing injurious qualities, has alone deterred thousands from a valuable preparation which so much beautifies and adorns personal appearance. Sold at 19 Tremont Row, Boston. Sold by Abner Allen, Palmer Depot.

Snuff & Tobacco,

OF the best quality for sale at the depot store, by

McGILVRAY.

Paints, Oils & Glass,

ARE now selling at such prices at the depot store, that all who wish to purchase need not think of purchasing cheaper, at any place in the county. D. F. McGILVRAY.

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WARE, Paper Hangings, Feathers, Carpetings, and all kinds of Furnishing Goods, selling cheap at McGILVRAY'S.

Summer Goods,

SELLING off at great bargains, at the depot store to make room for Fall Goods.

D. F. McGILVRAY.

SUMMER GOODS selling cheap at

McGILVRAY'S

BY THE QUEEN'S PATENT.

Triumphant success of

Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of life

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy, for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balsam of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States, under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

Dr Buchan is a distinguished philanthropist and Elder of the society of Friends, and member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, celebrated for his valuable discoveries in the treatment of Scrofulous Consumption. The Hungarian Balsam is a purely vegetable compound, composed chiefly of a Hungarian Gum, of wonderful power in pulmonary diseases.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the worst possible cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished physicians, as confirmed and incurable. The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate of cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, spitting of Blood, Pain in the side and chest, irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, Hectic Fever, Night sweats, Emaciation and General debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the Lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the only source of hope.

Sold by McDonald & Smith, sole agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent street, London, in bottles and cases, for ships, hospitals, &c.

By special appointment—DAVID F. BRADLEE, Boston, Mass. sole agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, $1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, without the written signature of the American agent, on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

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THE PILES!

A Cure for Life Guarantied!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the Cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen, Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder: Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the relief of Married Ladies.

THE Vegetable Pile Electuary, invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished physicim of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American pubic.

Mark this: it is an *Internal Remedy*—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External; and probably the only thing that will. There is no mistake about it. it is a positive cure—*speedy and permanent.* It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at 8 1-6 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient, and offensive; and from the very nature of the disease, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and *removing the cause*, renders the cure *certain* and *permanent.*

INFLAMMATORY DISEASES.

Although the *Electuary* was originally prepared for the cure of Piles, yet it has proved itself to be a medicine far superior to all others, in all diseases of an Inflammatory character, with a determination of blood to any particular part or organ. In Inflammation and Congestion of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Soreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; in Inflammatory and Mercurial Rheumatism, it is the best medicine ever discovered.

Impurities of the Blood.—For all Impurities of the Blood, arising from the imprudent use of Mercury, or other causes; for all Diseases of the skin and Scrofulous affections; in all cases where the Blood is powerfully determined to the Head, producing dizziness and distress, Dr. Upham's *Electuary* is entirely unrivalled.

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